

TOP COVER
FOR
AMERICA



43 TFS SONG BOOK

BAWDY BALLADS TASTELESS TOASTS
MEANINGLESS MISCELLANEOUS



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WARNING WARNING WARNING

This is a "Word of Warning". A warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are the songs that are sung by flying officers and men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of the lyrics were adapted to the Vietnam and Korean "situations" after becoming popular in World War II, and at least one of two were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg. It follows, therefore, that they are not a product of a particular degenerate age. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field; no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, or the sorting of a buddy's personal effects for shipment home. You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

43TFS AIRCREW ROSTER

Lt. Gen. Lynwood "Comet" Clark
AAC Commander

Col. Joe "Grif" Griffith
21st TFW CC

Col. Burt "Ammo" Miller
21st TFW DO

Lt. Col. John "Gifted" Borchert
43rd TFS CC
(Oct 1981 - Dec 1982)

Lt. Col. Henry "Huey" Hutson
43rd TFS CC
(Dec 1982 -)

Lt. Col. Larry "Crummer" Crumrine
43rd TFS DO

PILOTS

Lt. Col. Tom "Soak" Sokol
Lt. Col. Jon "Alex" Alexander
Maj. Steve "Preacher" Pritchard
Maj. Steve "Sounder" Foster
Maj. Dale "Jeep" Holmlund
Maj. Rob "Boner" Judas (Asst DO)
Maj. Mike "Schoney" Schoenfeld
Maj. Marty "Hawk" Steinriede
Capt. Dave "Too Loose" Tullis
Capt. Charlie "Rowdy" Yates
Capt. Felix "Cat" Dupre'
Capt. John "Griz" Fair
Capt. Norm "Stormin" Seip
Capt. Paul "Skid" Woodford
Capt. Dennis "Lucky" Wise
Capt. Larry "Chisel" Brown
Capt. Jack "Snag" Fearneyhough
Capt. Dave "Mongo" Richmond
Capt. Brett "Barf" Thompson (EWO)
Capt. Fred "Doc" Emmel (FS)

Capt. Mark "Mumbles" Matthews
Capt. Tom "YL" Ylikopsa
Capt. Doug "Gambler" Hale
Capt. Sam "Whitewall" Therrien
Capt. Les "Banjo" Bruce
Capt. Bob "4 Point" Donze
Capt. Rick "Bolo" Piolet
Capt. Mitch "Fritter" Fryt
Capt. Jim "Beak" Hunt
Capt. Jimmy "Aggie" Harris
Capt. Bill "Billy Bob" Wimburly
Capt. Phil "Rebel" Skains
1Lt. Chris "Ship" Shippey
1Lt. Bob "Cobra" Markert
1Lt. Jim "Scraper" Austin
1Lt. Marc "Hungry" Williams
1Lt. Bill "Bouncer" Reese
1Lt. John "Peeper" Lasley

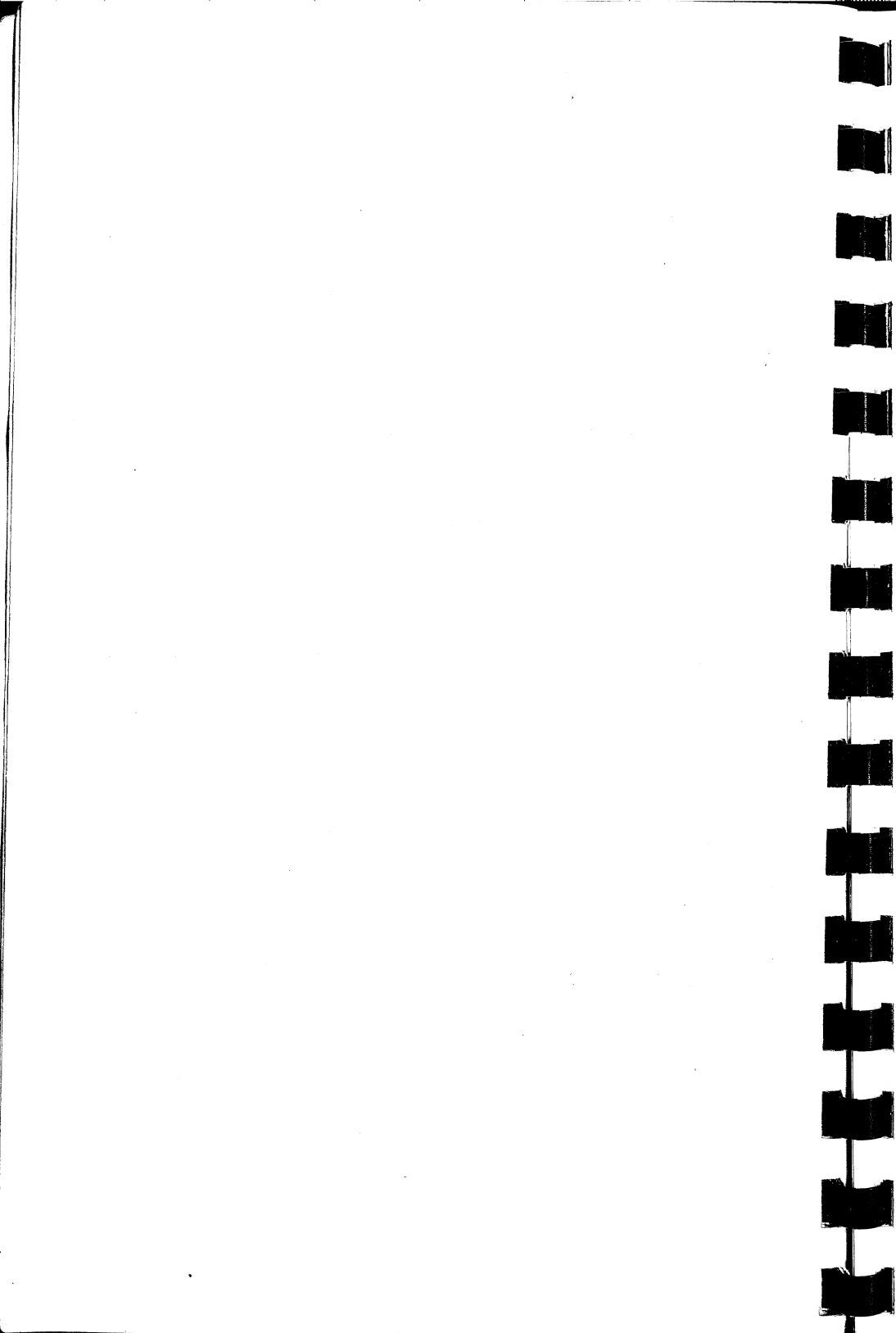


TABLE OF CONTENTS

- I. INTRODUCTION
- II. DEDICATION
- III. 43TFS PILOT LINE-UP
- IV. U.S. FIGHTING MAN'S CODE OF CONDUCT
- V. VOCATION...1115
- VI. THE AIR FORCE...
 1. The Air Force Song
 2. Come And Join The Air Force
 3. Stand To Your Glasses
 4. Air Force Blue
- VII. FLYING AND FIGHTING...
 1. Throw A Nickel On The Grass (Korea)
 2. Throw A Nickel On The Grass (SEA)
 3. Strafe The Town
 4. Red River Valley
 5. Itazuke Tower
 6. Tchepone
 7. Dashing Through The Sky
 8. Give Me Operations
 9. The OV-10 Song (Dear Mom)
 10. Napalm Sticks To Kids
- VIII. WINE AND WOMEN...
 1. Adeline Schmidt
 2. Nellie Darling
 3. The Ballad Of Lupe

TABLE OF CONTENTS (CONT)

4. These Things Remind Me Of You
5. Mary Anne Byrnes
6. Bye Bye Cherry
7. I Fucked A Dead Whore
8. We Need A Gang Bang
9. I Want To Play Piano
10. Let's Have A Party
11. Ring Dang Doo
12. By The Light
13. Pubic Hairs
14. Salley In The Alley
15. Miss Lee's Hoochie
16. Beer, Beer, Beer
17. Short Song

IX. FRIENDS AND ALLIES...

1. Sammy Small
2. Sammy Small (SEA)
3. My Husband's A General
4. Picadilly
5. Balls Of O'Leary
6. Waltzing Matilda
7. My Father Was A Fireman
8. Hail Brittania!

X. NO SPECIAL SUBJECT...

1. Balls To Your Partner
2. Sing Us Another One Do

TABLE OF CONTENTS (CONT)

3. Twelve Days of Christmas
4. I Used To Work In Chicago
5. Masturbation Song
6. Scotch Wedding
7. Wild West Show
8. Old Mac Donald
9. Roll Me Over
10. Monkey Song
11. Swing Low Sweet Chariot
- XI. TOASTS AND POEMS...
 1. Fighter Pilot's Toast
 2. Toast To Those Who Fly
 3. Here's To Mag
 4. Irish Airman
 5. A Toast To Her Honor
- XII. LAST BUT NOT LEAST...
 1. You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot
 2. There Are No Fighter Pilots
 3. It's Hard To Be Humble
 4. Yankee Air Pirate
 5. Beneath A Korean Waterfall
- XIII. FIGHTER PILOT GAMES
 1. Crud
 2. Blow Pong
 3. Deceased Insect
 4. Dollar Bill Game

TABLE OF CONTENTS (CONT)

- 5. 4, 5, 6
- 6. Twenty-One Aces
- 7. Majorca 21 Aces
- 8. Quijongbu
- XIV. FIGHTER PILOT BREVITY CODE
- XV. STANDARD 43TFS APOLOGY LETTER

Introduction

THE FIGHTER PILOT

Say what you will about him: Arrogant, cocky, boisterous, and a fun-loving fool to boot-He has earned his place in the sun. Across the span of fifty years he has given this country some of its proudest moments and most cherished military traditions. But fame is short-lived and little the world remembers. Almost forgotten are the 1400 fighter pilots who stood alone against the might of Hitler's Germany during the dark summer of 1940- and gave in England the words of Winston Churchill, "It's finest hour". Gone from the hardstands at Duxford, are the 51's with their checkerboard noses that terrorized the finest squadrons the Luftwaffe had. Dimly remembered-the fourth fighter group that gave Americans some of their few proud moments over the skies of Korea. How fresh in the recall are the air commandos who valiently struck the VC with their aging "Skyraiders" in the rainy and blood-soaked valley called A-Shau? And how long will be remembered the Phantoms and Thuds over "Route Pack Six" and flak filled skies over Hanoi. Barrel Roll, Steel Tiger and Tally Ho. So here's a "nickel on the grass" to you, my friend, and you spirit, enthusiasm, sacrifice and courage-but most of all to your friendship. Your's is a dying breed and when you are gone- the world will be a lesser place.

DEDICATION

This book is our thoughts, our songs and our games. Lesser individuals who have never strapped their asses to a piece of flaming metal will consider these of little or no redeeming social value. Because of this, the songs contained in this book are held sacred by those of us who have. Those people do not know, nor will they ever know, what it means to be a fighter pilot. Therefore, this book is not for them...It is for us.

The Hornet Songbook is a collection of over 75 years of tradition. A tradition that will never die as long as enemy aggression challenges for supremacy of the skies and free men rise to defeat them.

"ANYTHING ELSE IS RUBBISH"

As we stand near the ringing rafters
The walls around us are bare
As we echo our peals of laughter
It seems as though the dead are still there.
So stand by your glasses ready.
Let not tears fill your eye.
Here's to the dead already
And Hurrah for the next man to die.

For those gone, for those here now and for those who are to come, this book is our spirit and blood. If you're a Fighter Pilot, then this book is for you....If not, then "BEAT IT YA FUCK!!"

43TH TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON
ELMENDORF AFB, ALASKA

U.S. FIGHTING MAN'S CODE OF CONDUCT

*Dedicated To All Our American POW's

I am an American fighting man.

I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way
of life.

I am prepared to give my life in its defense.

I will never surrender of my own free will.

If in command, I will never surrender my men while they
still have the means to resist.

If I am captured, I will continue to resist by all
means available.

I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape.

I will accept neither parole or special favors from the
enemy.

If I become a POW, I will give no information nor take part
in any action which might be harmful to my comrades.

If I am senior, I will take command. If not, I will obey the
lawful orders of those appointed over me.

When questioned, should I become a POW, I am required to give
name, rank, serial numbers and date of birth.

I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of
my ability.

I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my
country and its allies or harmful to their cause.

I will never forget that I am an American fighting man,
responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles
which made my country free.

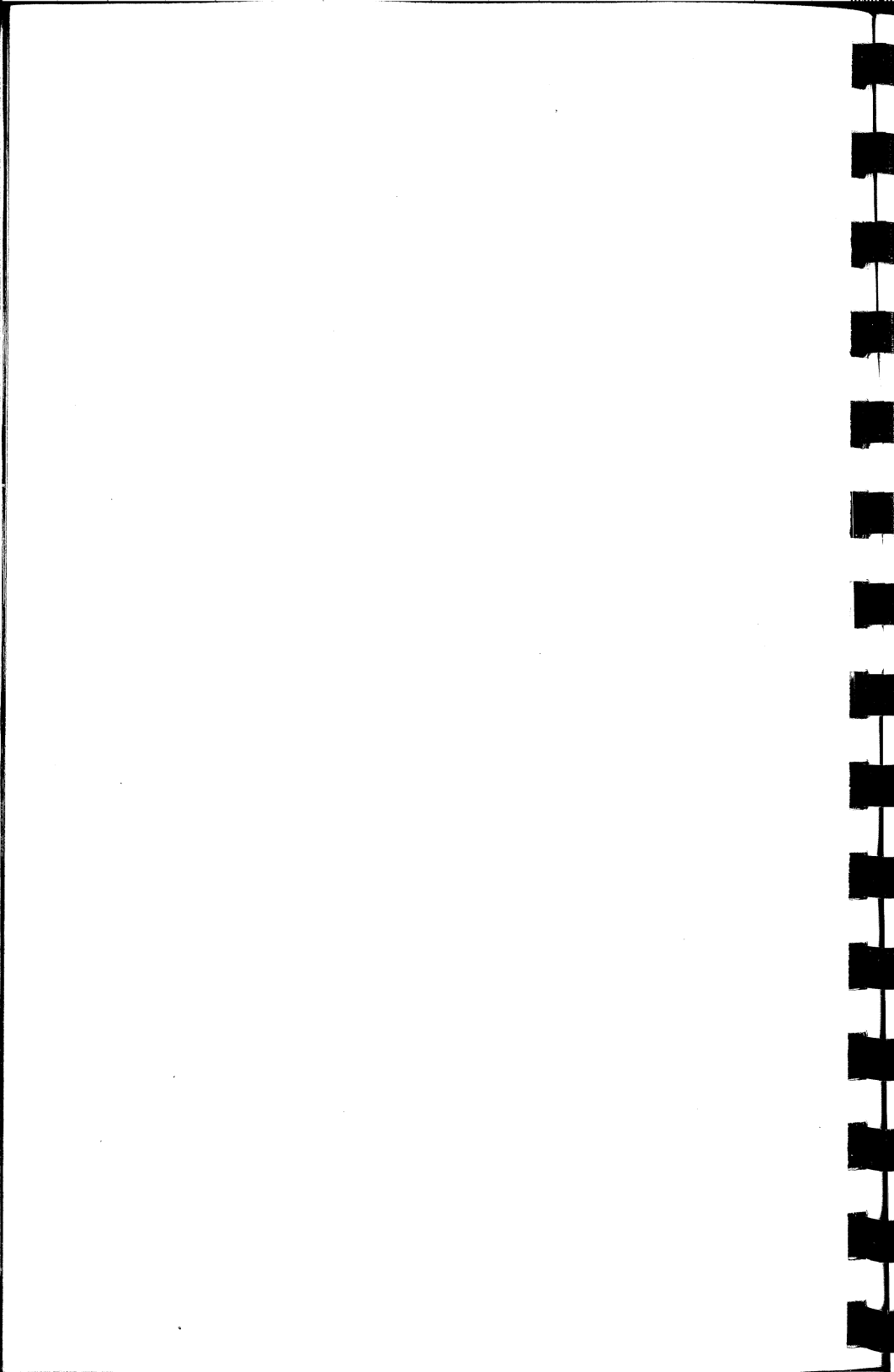
I will trust in my God and the United States of America.

VOCATION...1115

THE AVERAGE FIGHTER PILOT IS ONE PART LOVER AND TWO PARTS TIGER, WITH A DASH OF SANGFROID, A DOLLOP OF JOIE DE VIVRE, AND A HUNK OF WELTSCHMERZ THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE. HE LIVES WITH A PERPETUALLY IRRITATED BUMP ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS NOSE WHERE HIS OXYGEN MASKS RUBS, IS SLIGHTLY DEAF FROM LISTENING TO LOUD ENGINES AND RADIOS ALL HIS LIFE, HAS LOW BLOOD PRESSURE AND AN EVEN LOWER PULSE RATE, IS UNCOMFORTABLE ON THE GROUND IN ANYTHING BUT A TIGHT FITTING PHONE BOOTH, HAS TRIGGER REFLEXES, EYEBALLS ON THE BACK OF HIS HELMET, BROAD PERIPHERAL VISION, A ROCK-LIKE BOTTOM, AND EXTREMELY ARTICULATE HANDS (WITH WHICH HE DEMONSTRATES INNUMERABLE COMBAT MANEUVERS EVERY DAY-IN BETWEEN CIGARS). HE ALSO HAS THE HABIT OF LOOKING AT HIS FINGERNAILS OFTEN TO SEE IF THEY ARE TURNING BLUE (THE BASIS OF HIGH-ALTITUDE OXYGEN MANAGEMENT).

HE BELIEVES PASSIONATELY THAT THE ONLY DEGREE WORTH HAVING IS A PH.D. IN FLYOLOGY, AND IS JUST AS FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE WORLD IS THREE DRINKS BEHIND AND THAT THERE WOULD BE NO MORE WARS IF PEOPLE WOULD ONLY CATCH UP. MANY THINK THAT HE IS TO BE REPLACED BY SOME SORT OF FLYING UNIVAC, BUT TO THIS HE REPLIES: "WHERE ELSE CAN YOU FIND ANOTHER NON-LINEAR SERVOMECHANISM WEIGHING ONLY 160 POUNDS AND HAVING SUCH UNUSUAL ADAPTABILITY THAT CAN BE PRODUCED SO CHEAPLY BY UNSKILLED LABOR?"

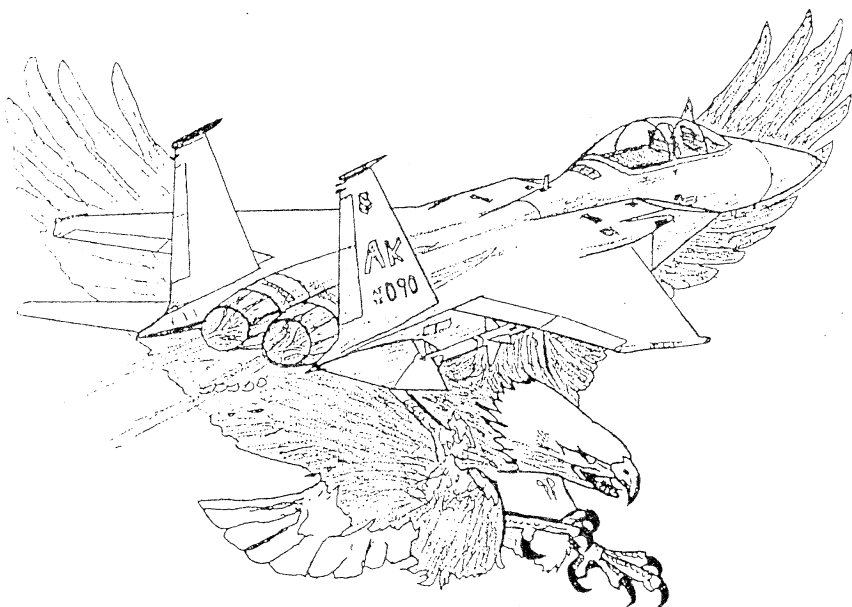
WHEN HE EVENTUALLY SPINS IN AND 'BUYS THE FARM', HE WANTS TO DO IT WITH HIS BOOTS ON (WELLINGTONS, MODIFIED WITH ZIPPERS: \$23.50) AND LIVE FOREVERMORE IN A LAND POPULATED BY BLONDES..."WHERE WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEGRAPH POLES, AND THERE'S POKER EVERY NIGHT."

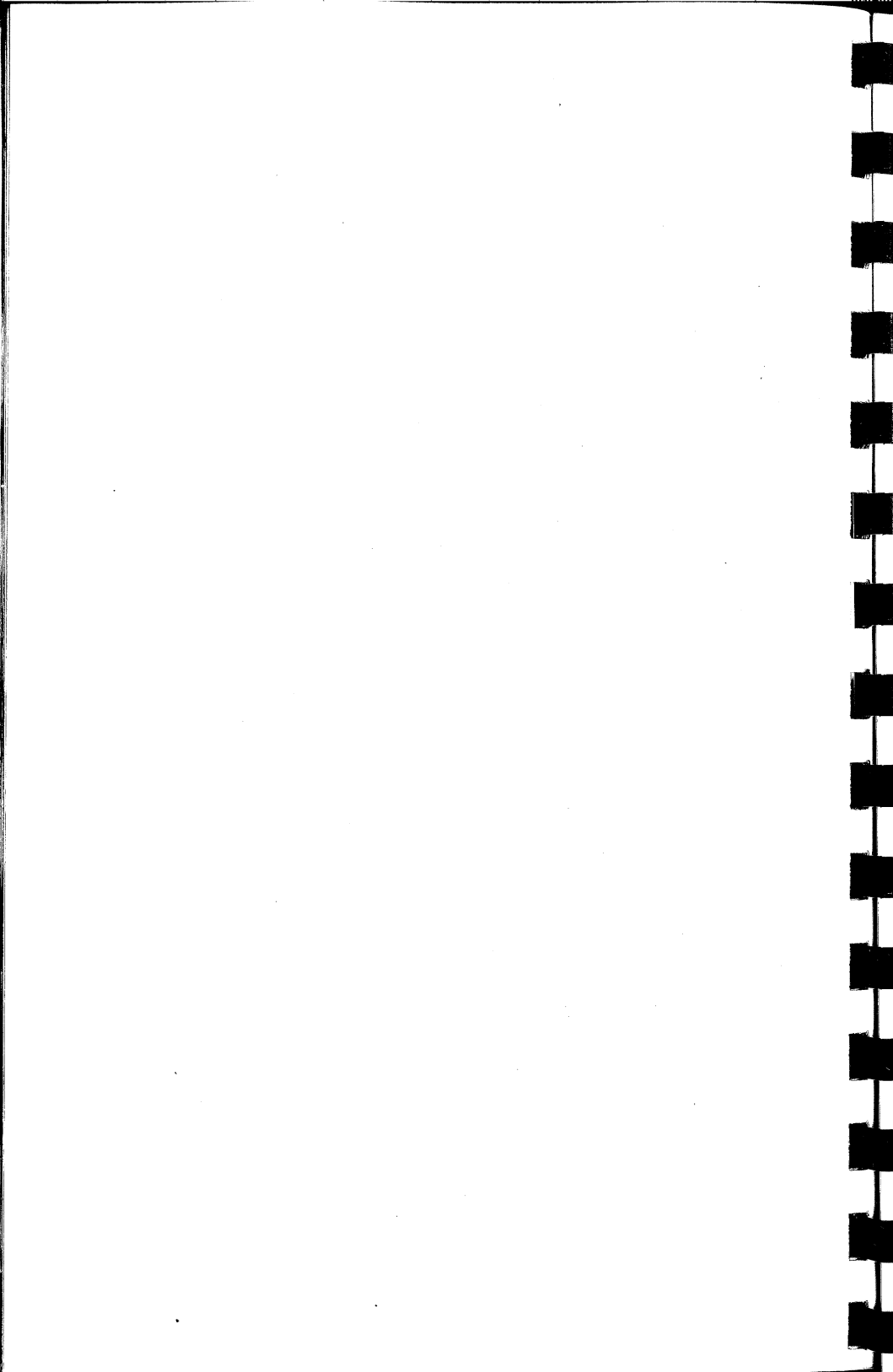


THE

AIR

FORCE ...





AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U.S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it high into the blue.
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,
How they lived God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar!
With fighters before and bomber galore,
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder,
Keep you nose out of the blue!
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more!
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day
While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin her with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, the God Damn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind!

I fly up to the Yalu in my F-eighty-six
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MIG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind!

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

(It is interesting to note that the version appearing in "Songs of the Army Flyers" which was published in 1935 and those in the books published during the Korean War are practically identical. Instead of a Fokker shooting you down, it's a MIG-15. The verses above are from the following books: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "GI SONGS", "Songs of the Army Flyers", "Songs of Nellis AFB", "Songs of the 357th".)

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We stand 'neath resounding rafters
The walls around are bare
They echo back our laughter
Seems that the dead are all there.

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
Here's a health to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
To show where our comrades have gone.

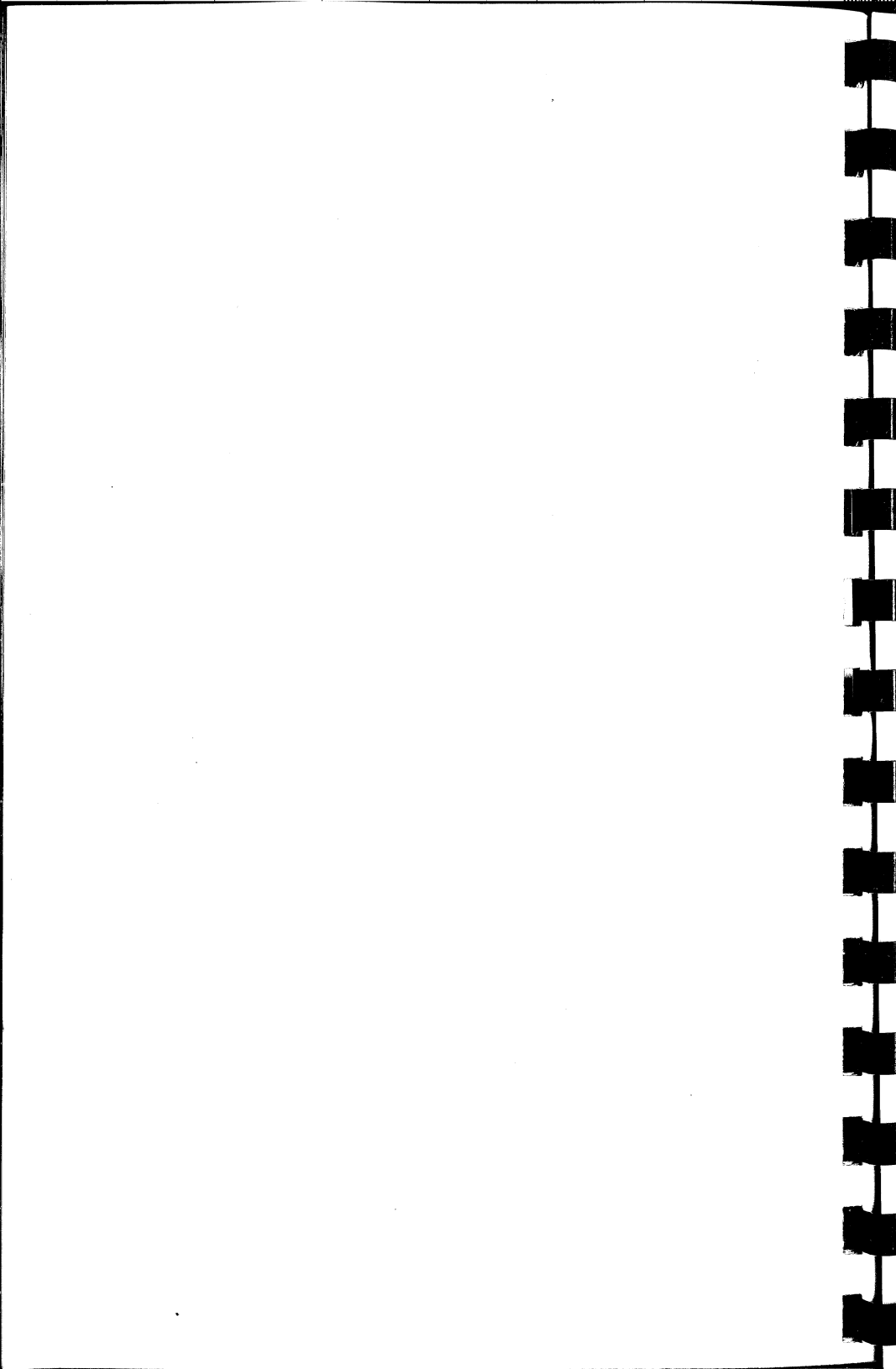
In flaming Spad and Camel
With wings of wood and steel
For mortal stakes we gamble
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

AIR FORCE BLUE

Take the blue from the skies
And a pretty girl's eyes
And a touch of old glory too,
And give it to the men who proudly wear
The U.S. Air Force Blue.

We know where we're going,
We've set our course,
The sky's the limit in the Air Force!

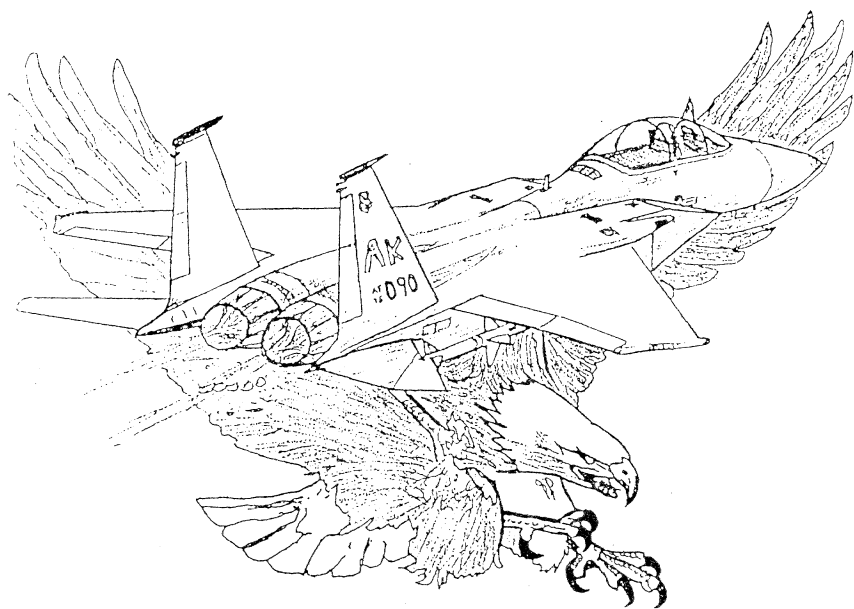
Take the blue from the skies...

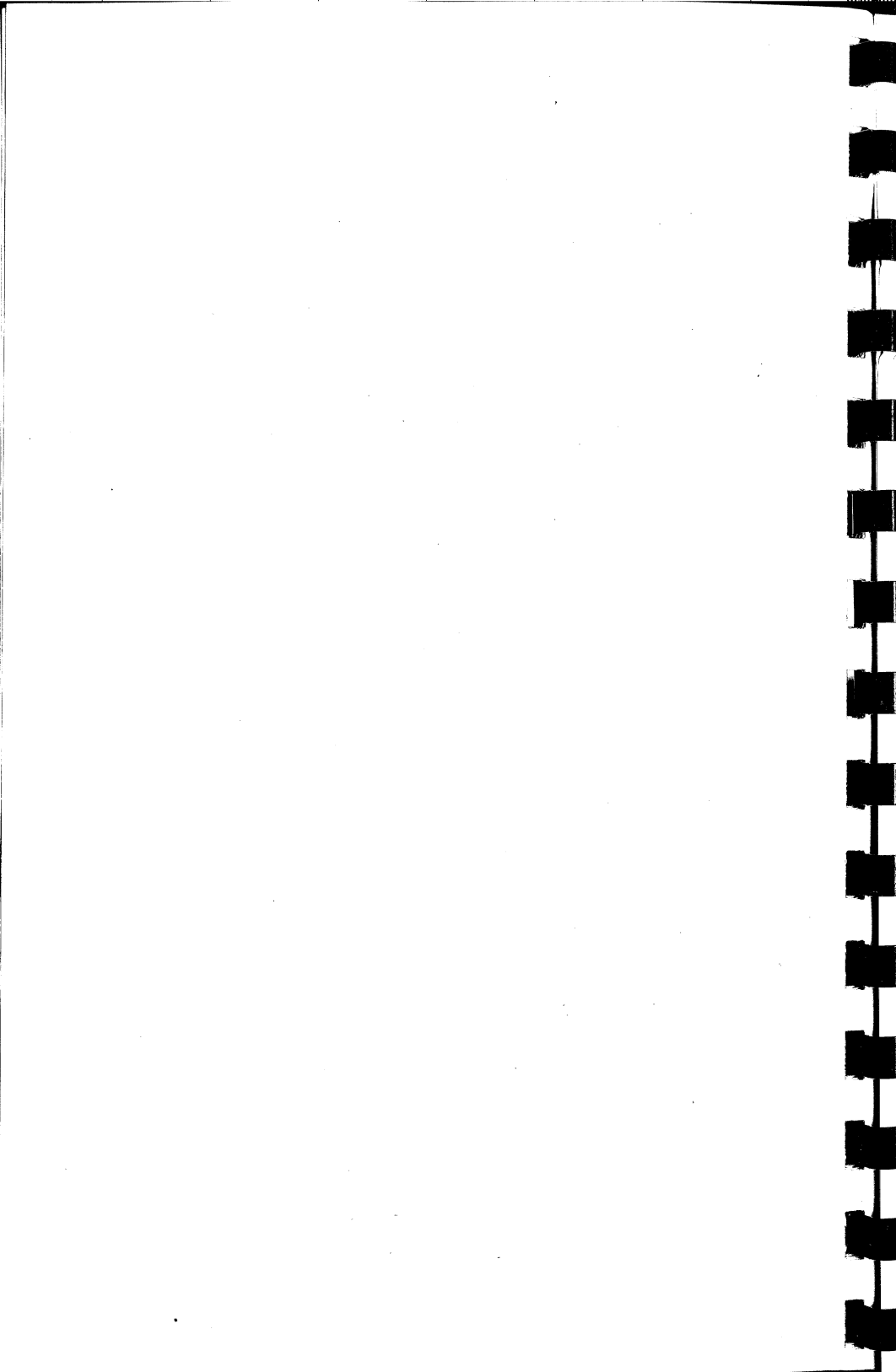


FLYING

AND

FIGHTING...





THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (KOREA)

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____, and this is what he said:
I hate the God damn place!
Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all
Mustangs, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those God Damn Mustangs Jack, and shove 'em up your ass!"

CHORUS: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh halleluja, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh, won't you save me sir?"
Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six MIGs on my ass!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I make for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die!

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (SEA)

We were cruising over Hanoi
Doin four and fifty per -
When I called to my flight leader,
Oh won't you save me sir?
The "SAMS" are hot and heavy,
The MIGS are on our ass,
Take us home flight leader
Please don't make another pass.

CHORUS: Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Hallelujia - Hallelujia!
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run
Trying to set the pipper right
When a SAM came off the launch pad,
And headed for our flight
Then number two informed me
"Hey four, you'd better break!"
I racked that goddamn plane so hard
It made the whole thing shake.

Chorus

I started my recovery,
It seemed that things would be alright,
When I felt the dammedest impact
Saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might
Against the binding force,
Then number two screamed out at us
"Hey four you've had the course!"

Chorus

I screamed at my back seater,
"We'd better punch on out -
Eject, Eject, you stupid shit".
In panic I did shout.
I didn't wait around to see
If Joe had got the word
I reached between my legs and pulled,
And took off like a bird.

Chorus

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (CONT)

As I descended in my chute
My thoughts were rather grim,
Rather than be a prisoner,
I'd fight them to the end.
I hit the ground and staggered up
And looked around to see,
And there in blazing neon
Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

Chorus

(Slowly)
The moral of this story is
When you're in Package Six,
You'd better goddamn look around
Or you'll be in my fix.
I'm here at Hanoi Hilton
With luxury sublime
The only thing that's not so great -
I'll be here a long - long - long time.

Chorus

STRAFE THE TOWN

Strafe the town and kill the people
Lay your high drags in the square
Roll in early Sunday morning
Catch them while they're still at prayer.

Drop some candy to the orphans
Watch them as they gather round
Use your 20 millimeter
Mow the little bastards down.

See the fat old pregnant woman
Running thru the field in fear
Run your 20 mike mike thru them
Hope the film comes out real clear.

Strafe the town and kill the people
Hit them with your poison gas
See them throwing up their breakfast
As you make your second pass.

RED RIVER VALLEY

To the Red River valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Red River valley we're going
And I'm flying four in flight blue.

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as could be
I lost my wingman round the field
And the rest augered in out at the sea

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

To the valley they say we are going
And many strange sights will we see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the SAM that they threw up at me.

To the valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the medal that he earned
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission
Tonight at the bar teak flight will sing
But we're going to the Red River valley
And today your are flying my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley
That the MIGS and the SAMS we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley
And guard well the ass of teak lead.

Now things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing I gave, you don't heed
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And its fish heads and rice for teak lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley
In the states it had always been fun
But with thunder and lightning all around us
T'was the last AAR for teak one

RED RIVER VALLEY (CONT)

When he came to a bridge in the valley
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun
For the first to roll in on the target
Was my leader, old teak number one.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead
But he never pulled out of his bomb run
T'was fatal for another teak lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing
We will, sit there and tickle the beads
For we're going to the Red River valley
And my call sign for today is teak lead.

ITAZUKE TOWER

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun;
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1,
You'd better get the crash crew out and get them on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour;
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung,
I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up before that Judgement Day."

"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't the power,
We'll send a note through the channels and wait for the reply,
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done;
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade,
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed."

TCHEPONE

(Strawberry Roan)

I was hangin' round Ops, just spendin' my time;
Off of the schedule, not earnin' a dime.
A Colonel comes up and he says "I suppose
You fly a fighter, from the cut of your clothes."

He figgers me right, "I'm a good one." I say.
"Do you happen to have me a target today?"
Says yes he does, a real easy one.
"No sweat, my boy, it's an old time Milk Run."

I gits all excited and asks where it's at.
He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat.
"It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home,
A small, peaceful hamlet that's known as Tchepone."
(Ah, you'll sure love Tchepone!)

I go get my G-suit and strap on my gun,
Helmet, and gloves, out the door on the run.
Fire up my Phantom and take to the air.
Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care.

In forty-five minutes we're over the town.
From twenty-eight thousand we're screamin' on down.
Arm up the switches and dial in the mils,
Rack up the wings, and roll in for the kill.

We feel a bit sorry for folks down below.
Of destruction that's comin' they surely don't know.
But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on,
An on down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone.

Release altitude, and the pipper's not right.
I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight.
I pickle those beauties at two-point five grand,
Startin' my pull when it all hits the fan.

A black puff in front, and then two off the right.
Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight.
There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack.
It's scattered to broken with all kinds of flak.

I jink hard to left and head out for the blue;
My wingman says, "Lead! They're shooting at you."
And still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone.
(Dirty, deadly Tchepone!)

I make it back home with six holes in my bird.
With the Colonel who sent me I'd sure like a word.
But he's nowhere around, though I look near and far.
He's gone back to Seventh to help run the war.

TCHEPONE (CONT)

I've been 'round this country for many a day;
I've seen the things that they're throwin' my way.
I know that there's places I don't like to go,
Down in the Delta and in Tally-Ho,
But I'll bet all my flight pay the Jock ain't been born
Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone.

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five-,
Through the flak we fly,
Trying to stay alive.
The SAMs destroy your calm,
The MIGs come up to play,
What fun is it to strafe and bomb
The T.R.V. today?

CHORUS: CBU's, Mark 82's, 750's too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you.

Heads up Ho Chi Minh,
The Fives are on their way.
Your luck it has give in,
There's going to be hell to pay.
Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and stare.
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere!!!

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a peter four-o, a hell of an airplane I know
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four-o.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me and F-84, she's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine moan and wheezed and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast I don't care, show blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (CONT)

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floor
And we'll go fat-cattin' from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive
The MIG 15's chase em, they soon will erase em,
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a one-double-0, the bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0.

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me and F-102.

Don't give me a Phantom 4C
Radar, co-pilot, A/B
It may be some fun, but it don't have a gun,
Don't give me a Phantom 4C.

OV-10 (DEAR MOM)

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today
he crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mins highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
MM, MMM, MMM.

He flew across the fence to see what he could see,
and there it was, as plain as it could be.
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.
MM, MMM, MMM.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send the Stinger Flight."
FOR I AM THE POWER!

Those Hornets checked right in, Gunfighters two by two,
low on gas and tanker overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark, just where the truck was parked.
MM, MMM, MMM.

That Bronco rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,
exactly where that truck was parked.
But now the rest is in doubt, cause he never pulled out.
MM, MMM, MMM.

(This time with reverence)

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,
he crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mins highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!!!

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!
What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!!!
Hell of a deal. WHOEEE!!!

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your Mother's tit.
We're the best fighter Squadron, all the others suck.
Bronco FAC, Bronco FAC, Rah, Rah, Fuck!

NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame
We do our best to maim
Because the kills all count the same
Napalm sticks to kids.

CHORUS: Napalm sticks to kids
Napalm sticks to kids

Flying low across the trees
Pilots doing what they please
Dropping frags on refugees
Napalm sticks to kids.

Goods in the open, making hay
But I can hear the gunships say
There'll be no Chieu Hoi today
Napalm sticks to kids.

See those farmers over there
Watch me get them with a pair
Blood and guts just everywhere
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've only seen it happen twice
But both times it was mighty nice
Shooting peasants planting rice
Napalm sticks to kids

A squad of Cong lyin in the grass
But all the fightin's long since past
Crispy Critters in a mass
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm, son, is lots of fun
Dropped in a bomb, or shot from a gun
It gets the gooks when on the run
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some Napalm on a farm
It won't do them any harm
Just burn off their legs and arms
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire
Montnayard around a fire
Napalm makes the fire go higher
Napalm sticks to kids.

NAPALM (CONT)

I've been told it's not so neat
To catch Gooks burning in the street
But burning flesh, smells so sweet
Napalm sticks to kids.

Children sucking on a mothers tit
Wounded Gooks down in a pit
DOW Chemical doesn't give a shit
Napalm sticks to kids.

Bombadiers don't care a bit
Just as long as the pieces fit
When you stuff the bodies in a pit
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a NO FIRE Zone
Books under arms and going home
Last in line goes home alone
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chuck in a Sampan, sitting in the stern
They don't think their boats will burn
Those damn Gooks will never learn
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun
Killing Gooks is lots of fun
Get one pregnant and its two for one
Napalm sticks to kids.

Shoot civilians where they sit
Take some pictures as you split
All your life you'll remember it
Napalm sticks to kids.

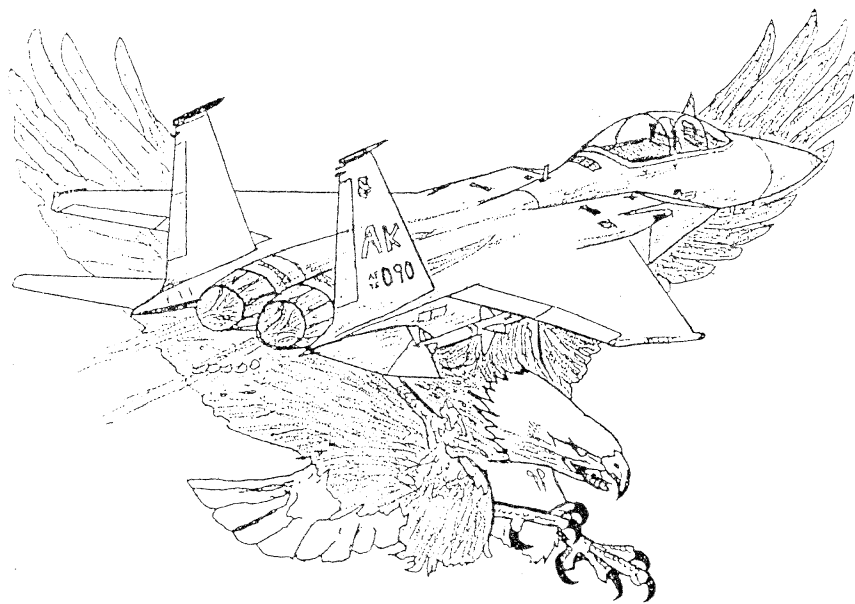
NVA are all Hard Core
Fleschettes never are a bore
Throw those Psyops out the door
Napalm sticks to kids.

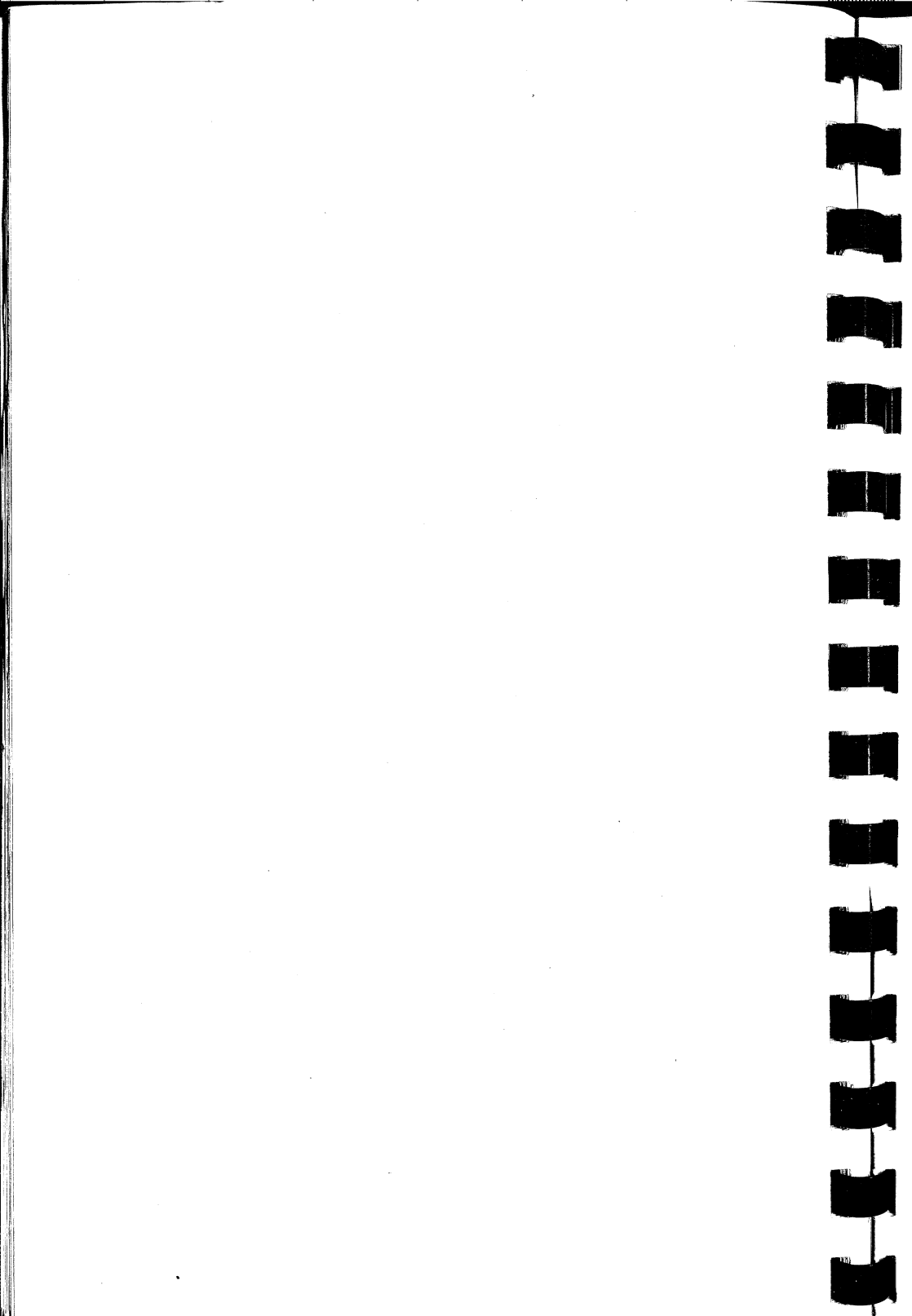
Gather kids as you fly over town
By throwing candy on the ground
Then grease'm when they gather round
Napalm sticks to kids!!!

WINE

AND

WOMEN..





ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine wrapped in a glass,
And up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus:

It was brown, brown, shit all around,
Brown, Brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
The whole world was covered with shit, shit, shit.

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He happened to be on the side of the street,
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,
When a big wad of shit hit him right in the eye,

Chorus:

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
And on this day you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying "blinded by shit."

Chorus:

NELLIE DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
And when you piss, you piss a stream green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So kindly make one, Dear and shove it up your ass.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly,
I love the hole that she pisses through,
I love her lily white tits and her ruby red lips,
And her little brown asshole,
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp, with a rusty spoon.

THE BALLAD OF LUPE

Down in Cunt Valley where Red Rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and whore mongers grow,
There lives a young maided that I do adore
She's my Hot Fuckin' Cocksuckin' Mexican Whore.

CHORUS: She'll fuck you, she'll suck ya, she'll gnaw at your nuts.
She'll suck you till you think she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs around you till you think you'll die
I'd rather eat Lupe than blueberry pie.

She gave her first piece at the ripe age of eight,
While swinging upon the old garden gate.
The crossbar went down and the upright went in,
And ever since then, she's been living by sin.

CHORUS: Oh Lupe, Oh Lupe, dead in her tomb,
While maggots crawl out of her decomposed womb.
But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more!
She's my Hot Fuckin', Cocksuckin', Mexican Whore.

THESE THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassier,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
Ejacualations in my glass of beer;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Liberace,
The way you softly whisper suck-a-hatchi,
Syphlytic scars that make your face so blotchy;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pubic hair in my breakfast roll,
The smelly odor of you pungent hole,
The way you wrap your thighs around my pole;
These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street,
A bloody Kotex in the rumbleseat,
I love my poontang but I beat my meat,
These foolish things remind me of you.

MARY ANNE BYRNES

Mary Anne Byrnes was the Queen of all the acrobats,
She could do tricks that would give a dog the shits,
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Turn a double back flip and catch 'em on her tits,
She's a great big sonofabitch, twice as big as me,
Hair on her ass like branches on a tree,
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly a phantom, drive a truck,
Mary Anne Byrnes is the girl for me!

BYE BYE CHERRY

Back your ass against the wall
Here I come, Balls and all
Bye, Bye Cherry!

Won't your mother be disgusted
When she finds your cherry's busted
Bye Bye Cherry!

Wrap your legs around a little tighter
I can feel my load is getting lighter
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
Till my little pecker spits
Cherry, Bye Bye!

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the road side,
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away that I had sinned.
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy,
And I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in.
Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

WE NEED A GANG BANG (ANITA)

Knock, knock.....Who's there? Anita.....Anita Who?

CHORUS: I need a gang bang, I always will, Cause a gang bang
gives me such a thrill. When I was younger and in my
prime, I used to gang bang all the ti--me! But now I'm
older and turning grey, I only gang bang once a da--y!

Knock Knock....Who's there? Emma.....Emma Who?
Emma some great tits on that lady and she needs a gang bang
CHORUS

Knock, knock...Who's there? Karen....Karen Who?
I ain't carin' who, I need a suck, I need a fuck, I need a gang bang
CHORUS

Knock, knock...Who's there? Ben-Hur...Ben Hur Who?
Bend her over, we'll fuck her in the ass, 'cause she needs a gang bang
CHORUS

Knock, knock...Who's there? Wilma...Wilma Who?
Will ma' finger do, my zippers stuck, and I need a gang bang
CHORUS

Knock, knock...Who's there? Iris....Iris Who?
I wished she'd drop her drawers, 'cause she needs a gang bang.
CHORUS

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO

I want to play piano in a whorehouse,
That's my one desire,
Take your ranches, and your banks, and your gold mine out
in Butte,
I just want to play piano in a house of ill repute.

You may laugh at this my humble avocation,
But carnal copulation's here to stay,
I don't want worlds of riches,
Just want to play for those old bitches,
I want to play a piano in a whorehouse.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round,
World go round, world go round.
Parties make the world go round,
So, LET'S HAVE A PARTY!!!!

We're going to tear down the bar in the Club!
BOO!!
We're going to build a new bar!
RAY!!
It's only going to be one foot wide!
BOO!!
But, it will be a mile long!
RAY!!
There'll be no bartenders in our club!
BOO!!
We're going to have barmaids!
RAY!!
Our barmaids will wear long dresses!
BOO!!
Made out of cellophane!
RAY!!
You can't take the barmaids home!
BOO!!
They'll take you home!
RAY!!
You can't sleep with our barmaids!
BOO!!
They won't let you sleep!
RAY!!
Beer's going to be 50¢ a glass!
BOO!!
Whiskey's free!
RAY!!
Only one to a customer!
BOO!!
Served in buckets!
RAY!!
We're going to throw all the beer in the river!
BOO!!
They we'll all go swimmin'!
RAY!!
No girls allowed above the first floor!
BOO!!
With their clothes on!
RAY!!
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor!
BOO!!
And no dancin' on the lovin' floor!
RAY!!
Parties make the world go round,
World go round, world go round.
Parties make the world go round,
so, LET'S HAVE A PARTY!!!!

RING DANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hicky-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled til she looked like hell
She told her ma and father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and jocky itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobos too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

RING DANG DOO (CONT)

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

BY THE LIGHT

By the light, by the light, by the light
Of a flickering match
I saw her snatch
In the watermelon patch.

By the light, by the light, by the light
Of a flickering match
I saw it gleam, I heard her scream
Your are burning my snatch
With your Goddamn match.

PUBIC HAIRS

Pubic Hairs!
You've got the cutest little pubic hair
There's no one else on earth that can compare.
Pubic Hairs!
Clitoris or vagina, nothing could be finer than those pubic hairs
I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear
I didn't need a shove, to take a mouthful of
Those pretty pubic hairs!

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went bam, bam, bam.

MISS LEE'S HOOCHIE

I went to Seoul City, and met Miss Lee
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me
We went to Lee's Hoochie, a room with hot floors
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had
Her breath smells of Kimchee, her bosoms were flat
No hair on her pussy, now how about that.

I asked to go to benjoe, she led me outside
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside
I rushed to the medics, cried "What shall I do?"
The doc was dumbfounded, old smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three day pass
Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your ass
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
But better the red ass, than old smokey blue..

BEER, BEER, BEER

Oh, it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps.
Oh, it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Corps.

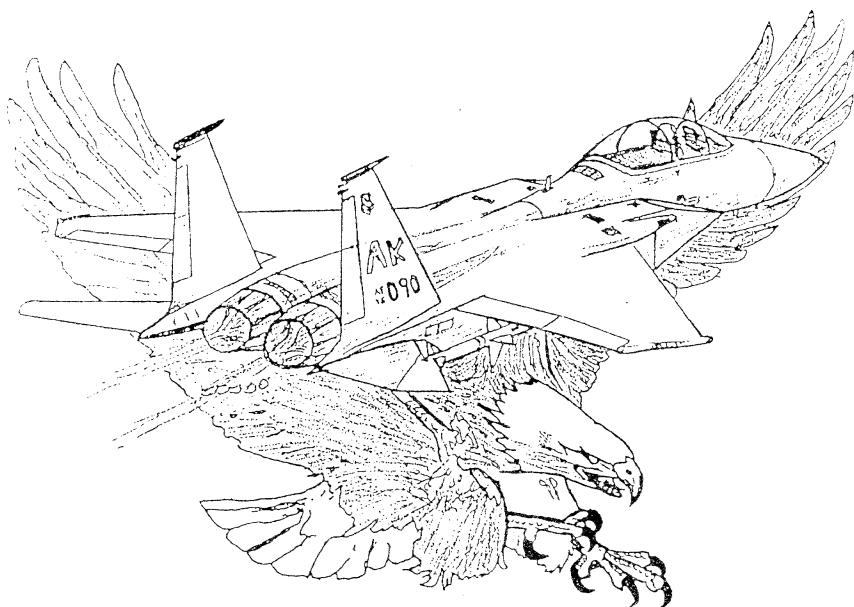
SHORT SONG

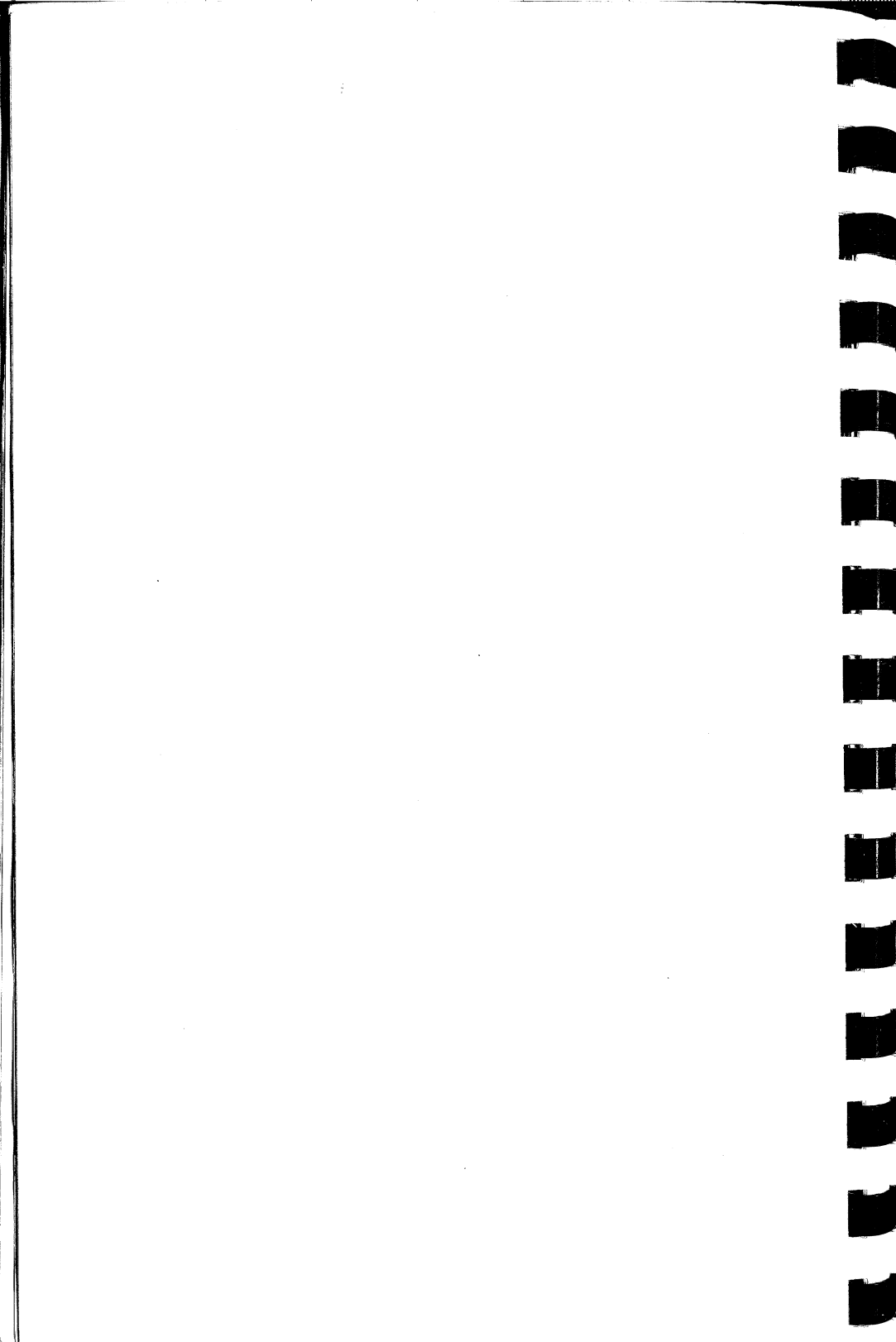
Oh-The nipples on her tits are as big as plums.
And the wiggle in her walk can make a dead man come.
She's a mean motherfucker
She's a great cocksucker
She's my girl, she fucks.

FRIENDS

AND

ALLIES ...





SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,
They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come, so fuck 'em all
Oh, that parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman wore a mask, for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

(With Reverence)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud, fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope though it was a fucking joke
Now my goddamned neck is broke, so F-U-C-K 'E -M A-L-L.

SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION)

O, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
O, come round us fighter pilots, Fuck 'em all
O, we fly the goddamn plane
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
O, they tell us not to think, Fuck 'em all
O, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink.
LBJ's a goddamn fink,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
O, we bombed MuGia Pass, Fuck 'em all
O, we bombed MuGia Pass
Though we only make one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
O, we're on a J.C.S., Fuck 'em all
O, they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing,
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
O, we lost our fucking way, Fuck 'em all
O, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every fucking girl and boy.
What a goddamn fucking joy!
So, Fuck 'em all.

O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
O, my bird got all shot up, Fuck 'em all
O, my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I think that it's Shit Hot!
So, Fuck 'em all.

MY HUSBAND IS A GENERAL

My husband's a general, a general, a general,
A very fine general is he,
All day he plays golf, he plays golf, he plays golf
And at night he comes home and plays me.

CHORUS: Oh, sing a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band, follow the band, follow the band.
Sing a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band, come join in our happy song.

My husband's a colonel, a colonel, a colonel,
A very fine colonel is he,
All day he chews ass, he chews ass, he chews ass,
And at night he comes home and chews me.

CHORUS

My husband's a major, a major, a major,
A very fine major is he,
All day he makes plans, he makes plans, he makes plans,
And at night he comes home and makes me.

CHORUS

My husband's a captain, a captain, a captain,
A very fine captain is he,
All day he fucks up, he fucks up, he fucks up,
And at night he comes home and fucks me.

CHORUS

My husband's a lieutenant, a lieutenant, a lieutenant,
A very fine lieutenant is he,
All day eats shit, he eats shit, he eats shit,
And at night he comes home and eats me.

CHORUS

My wife's a nurse, a nurse, a nurse,
A very fine nurse is she,
All day she pumps blood, she pumps blood, she pumps blood,
And at night she comes home and pumps me.

CHORUS

My husband's a MAC puke, a MAC puke, a MAC puke,
A very fine MAC puke is he,
All day he bores holes, he bores holes, he bores holes,
And at night he comes home and BORES me.

PICADILLY

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday I confess, I lifted up her dress
Thursday, I saw you what
Friday I put my hand on it,
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweak,
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her,
And now she's making forty bob a week. Oh blimey!

CHORUS: I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war,
I just want to hang around, Picadilly underground,
Living off the earnings of a high class lady,
Don't want to blow it up me arse hole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I'd rather be in England, In jolly jolly England
And fornicate my bloody life away.

Call out the Army and the Navy
Call out the Rank and File
Call out the Royal Territorials
They face danger with a smile
Oh, call out the boys of the Old Brigade
That made old England free.
You can call out me Mother,
Me Sister, and me Brother,
But please for God's sake please, don't call on me.

CHORUS:

BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're shapely and stately
Like the dome of St. Paul.

The women all muster
To view that great cluster
They stand and they stare.
At the blood great pair
Of O'Leary balls.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by the brill-along,
Under the shade of the Coolibah Tree,
And he sand as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

CHORUS: Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited for his filly boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at he brillalong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode a squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode his troops, on two three,
Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've got him in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the brillalong,
You'll never catch me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the brillalong,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

Clang, Clang, Clang
And the Goddamn fire went out.
Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To ride on a fire engine red.
To say to a team of white horses,
GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD....

My father was a fireman,
He puts out fires....
My brother was a fireman,
He puts out fires....
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal
She puts out too.....
With--out--her-pants-on.....

HAIL BRITANIA !

Hail, Brittania, marmalade and jam,
Three Chinese crackers up your asshole,
Bam! Bam! Bam!

Hail, Brittania, marmalade and jam,
Two Chinese crackers up your asshole,
Bam! Bam!

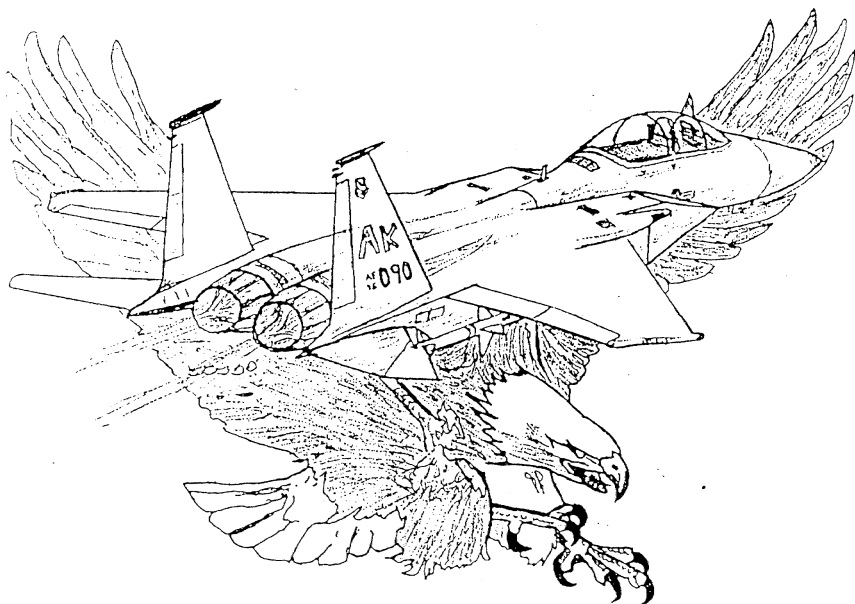
Hail, Brittania, marmalade and jam,
One Chinese cracker up your asshole,
Bam!

Hail, Brittania, marmalade and jam,
No Chinese crackers up your asshole....

NO

SPECIAL

SUBJECT...



BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER

Oh, the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth.
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

CHORUS:

Balls to your partner, your ass against the wall.
If you never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to the womb.

CHORUS

Oh, the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front,
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

CHORUS

Oh, the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

CHORUS

Oh, the parson's daughter he was there, she had them all in fits,
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits.

CHORUS

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks,
You could not hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

CHORUS

They were fucking in the barley, they were fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

CHORUS

Oh, the village craftsman he was there, his hammer and his awls,
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

CHORUS

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs,
You could not see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

CHORUS

Four and twenty virgins, came down from Inverness,
and when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

CHORUS

BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER (CONT)

Little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masterbate.

CHORUS

The village prostitute was there, just lying on the floor,
And everytime she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

CHORUS

The village vicker he was there, wrapped up in a shroud,
Hangin' from the chandalier, and pissing on the crowd.

CHORUS

The village idiot he was there, doin' this and that,
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

CHORUS

The village blacksmith he was there, he had balls of brass,
Everytime he took a step, sparks shot up his ass.

CHORUS

The village School Marm she was there, she was up to quite a stunt,
Sliding down the bahnister, and whistling through her cunt.

CHORUS

The village idiot he was there, making like a fool,
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling thru his tool.

CHORUS

Oh, the village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand,
And everytime he turned around, he circum sized a man.

CHORUS

Oh, the village cripple he was there, not doing very much,
He lined up all the little girls, and fucked them with his crutch.

CHORUS

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest,
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

CHORUS

Oh; Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye,

So, let's have another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz em around by my WILLIE!

1. Fighter Pilots eat PUSSY!
2. Your mother swims after troop ships.
3. Your sister eats batshit off cave walls.
4. Your grandmother douches with drano.
5. Your mother licks moose cum off pine cones.
6. Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs.
7. In China they do it for chilli.

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin.
There was room for his ass and a
gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the world's champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he
played God save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born
by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chucked with mirth, for knew
on this earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a
shit
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are
devine
But llamas are numero uno.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled the
stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young couple named Kelly
Used vaseline petroleum jelly
But once in this haste, they used
library paste
And now they're stuck belly to belly.

There once was a lady named Lil
Who swallowed an atomic pill
They found her vagina in North
Carolina
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rhumba on skates
He fell on his cultass, which rendered
him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There once was a girl from St. Paul
Who went to a masquerade ball
She had the affront to go as a
cunt
And got screwed by a dog in the hall.

There was a young man from Dakota
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her
So with great savoir faire, she climbed
on a chair
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

The bride of a farmer named Zaker
Was poked in her bed, by the baker
The baker cried, "What you call
this a Twat!"
Why the entrance is more than an acre.

Cried and overhung fellow named Bowen
My pecker keeps growin' and growin'
It's got so tremendous, so long and
stupendous
It's no good for fuckin' just showin'.

A fighter pilot named Tucker
While instructing a novice cock sucker
Said, "Don't puff 'em out, like you're
blowin' your snout
Be gentle, and work with a pucker!"

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

There was a lady from Gibraltar
Who accidentally fell into the water
By her howls and her squeals you could
tell that the eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

There was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be
wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his
chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put in in
double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallis
They found her vagina, in South
Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the
clay into a brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled
her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs
and duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (CONT)

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play
a selection
From Johan Sebastian Bach.

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, a.....

1. Hand job in a pear tree.
2. Two brass balls.
3. Three french ticklers.
4. Four cocksuckers.
5. Five mother fuckers.
6. Six sacks of shit.
7. Seven scrotums swinging.
8. Eight assholes aching.
9. Nine nipples nibbling.
10. Ten titties tinglin.
11. Eleven lesbians licking.
12. Twelve twats a twitching.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did, but I don't anymore
A lady came, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt, she said, and felt her I did
I did, but I don't anymore.

cake - layer	glue - paste	food -pet
lamp - floor	cream - massage	razor - injector
birds - love	girdle - rubber	scarf - neck

MASTURBATION SONG

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,
It felt so good--I knew it would,
Last night I stayed up late and masturbated
It felt so nice--I did it twice.

You--- should really see me on the short strokes,
It feels so grand, I used my hand,
You---must really catch me on the long strokes
It feels so neat, I used my feet

Beat it, smash it, throw it on the floor
Wrap it around the bed post, slam it in the door
Some people seem to think its neat to fornicate
But I would rather stay at home at night and masturbate.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball of kerri Muir
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the King was in his couting house, counting out his wealth
The Queen was in the bedroom playing with herself

CHORUS: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll do it now
the man that did it last night, could not do it now

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parsons wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree

Oh the parsons daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantle piece, and landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks
You could not hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls
talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
Your could not see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger would not dance
Sitting with a hard on, and a waiting for his chance

The firey Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there, he could not do very much
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with his crutch

The chimney sweep he was there he had a dose of cot
for everytime he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He could not fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

WILD WEST SHOW

"GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMAN,
WELCOME TO THE WILD WEST SHOW!"

CHORUS: Oh, We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and the kangaroos.
No matter what the weather, as long as we're together
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

Intro; Tonight for you we have the most fantastic, incredible, animal
acts ever seen before the eyes of man of the face of this earth.
Tonight for you we have the famous.....

RESPONSE: "FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE, TELL US ABOUT THE MOTHERFUCKER!"

Intro...Ki, Ki, Ki, Bird

RESPONSE

The Ki, Ki, Ki, Bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along
at 21,500 looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings
and starts down a precise 75° dive. Down he goes gaining speed --
18,000', 10,000' -- His vision begins to blur from the wind blast --
7,000' -- faster and faster -- 3,000' -- 1,500' -- 500' -- He starts his
pull out -- 100' -- 50' -- He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with
his mighty talons and says -- Ki, Ki, Ki, Krist that was close!" CHORUS

Intro... Fukawi Tribe

RESPONSE

The Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of
three foot tall pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass. They
spend their whole life going around saying, "Where the fuck are we,
where the fuck are we?" CHORUS

Intro... Lulu the tatooed Lady

RESPONSE

Lulu the tatooed Lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a "W"
tatooed on her left cheek and a "W" tatooed on her right cheek. When
she bends over she spells "WOW" and when she stands on her head she
spells "MOM". But when she does cartwheels, she spells "WOW MOM, WOW
MOM". CHORUS

Intro...Mathamatical Impossibility

RESPONSE

The Mathamatical impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the
only girl around who was eight (ate) before she was seven.
CHORUS

Intro...Shoe Clerk

RESPONSE

The Shoe Clerk is a very strange human like animal. He's the only
animal known that you can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up
sucking his own thumb. CHORUS

WILD WEST SHOW (CONT)

Intro...Lulu the tatooed Lady's sister

RESPONSE

Lulu the tatooed Lady's sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has "Merry Christmas" tatooed on one thigh and "Happy New Year" tatooed on the other thigh. And she invites all her friends to come visit here between the holidays. CHORUS

Intro... PFFTT Bird

RESPONSE

The PFFTT Bird is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird that has a three foot long right wing and a four foot long left wing. He flies around in ever decreasing circles until he flies up his own ass hole and goes PFFTT! CHORUS

Intro... OOH-AH Bird

RESPONSE

The OOH-AH is a very strange bird indeed. He's a bird with a four foot long scrotum and only three foot long legs. When he comes in for a landing, he goes, "OOH OOH -----AHHHHHHHHH!!!! CHORUS

Intro...Boom Rat-Tat-Tat Bird

RESPONSE

The Boom Rat-tat-tat bird is very close cousin of the OOH-AH Bird. It also has a four foot long scrotum and three foot long legs, but he lands on corrugated roofs and goes, "BOOM RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!!" CHORUS

Intro...Peanut Butter Lady

RESPONSE

The Peanut Butter is a very strange lady indeed. She's the only lady around that when you eat her out, she sticks to the roof of your mouth. CHORUS

Intro...Tight Skinned Owl

RESPONSE

The Tight Skinned Owl is an Owl who skin is so tight that when he blinks he masterbates himself. Little boys have been known to jack him off by throwing sand in his eyes. CHORUS

Intro...Perverted Convertible

RESPONSE

The Perverted Convertible is a strange car like creature that seats TWO in the front seat and SIXTY-NINE in the back seat. CHORUS

WILD WEST SHOW (CONT)

Intro...Drunken Giraffe

RESPONSE

The Drunken Giraffe is a strange LONG LEGGED creature who walks in to the Pup Palace and tells the Bumble Bees, "Boys, the high balls are on me!"
CHORUS

Intro...Dentist

RESPONSE

The Dentist is a very strange creature indeed. He's the only guy around that gets to put his "tool in YOUR mouth." CHORUS

Intro...The O-Rang-A-Tang

RESPONSE

The O-Rang-A-Tang is a strange ape like creature. However, his balls hang so low that when he swings from tree to tree they go O-Rang-A-Tang, O-Rang-A-Tang. CHORUS

Intro...Female Horny Bird

RESPONSE

The Female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her cry, "Wantsome, Wantsome!", and the MALE Horny Bird by his cry, "Hereit-tis, Hereit-tis!" CHORUS

OLD MAC DONALD

Old MacDonald had a farm,
Eeyi, Eeyi, Oh
And on his farm he had some rams
Eeyi, Eeyi, Oh
And rams were rammin' it here
And the rams were rammin' it there
They were rammin' it here,
Rammin' it there,
Rammin' it every where---

CHORUS

2. Pullets - Pullin'
3. Bulls - Bullin'
4. Cows - Cowin'
5. Snakes - Snakin'
6. Gobblers - Gobblin'

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one and the song has just begun.

CHORUS

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew.
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee.
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor.
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh.
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix.
Now this is number seven, and I think I'm in heaven.
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate.
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine.
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

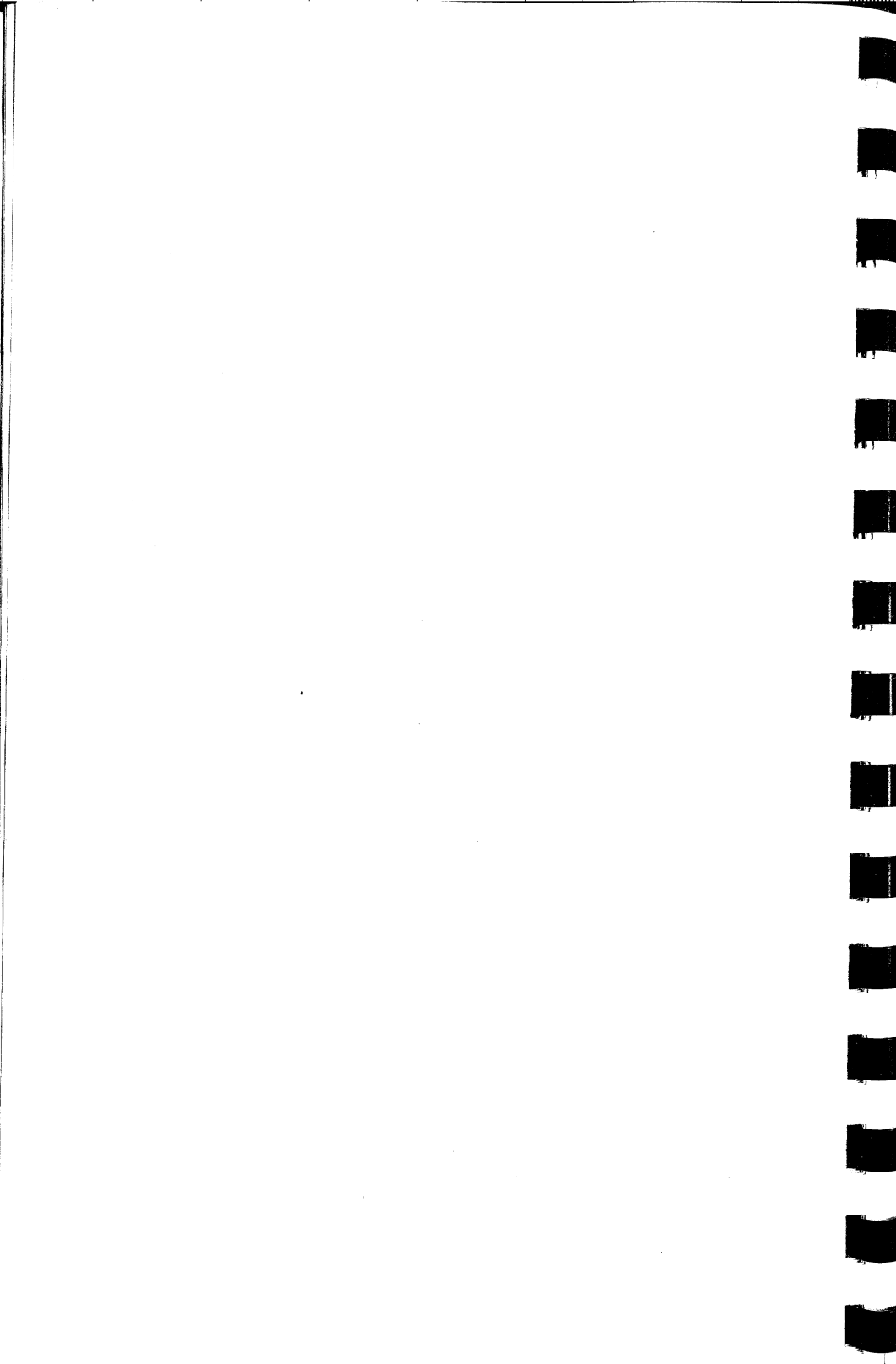
MONKEY SONG

Up jumped the Monkey from the Coconut Grove
He was a mean Motherfucker you could tell by his clothes
He wore a two button nanny with a \$10.00 stich
He was a cocksuckin', motherfuckin', son-of-a-bitch.
Well he swung through the trees with his cock in his hand
Saying "Hey all you women I', your bebop in' man"
He lined one hundred whores up against the wall
Saying "Get your cunts ready I'm gonna fuck you all!"
Well he fucked nightey eight till his balls turned blue
Then he backed up, jacked off, and fucked the other two.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

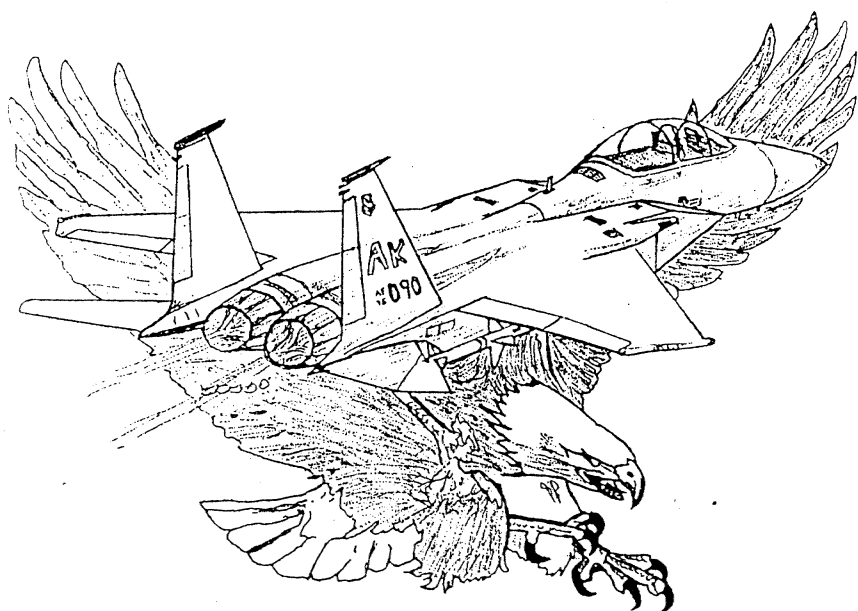
1st Rendition - Sing with gestures
2nd Rendition - Hum with gestures
3rd Rendition - Gestures



TOASTS

AND

POEMS...



FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood,
When I ramble, sit and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood,
When I gamble, sin and drink.

But when my flying days are over,
And from this world I pass,
I hope they bury me upside down,
So the world can kiss my ass!!

TOAST TO THOSE THAT FLY

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.

So stand with your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
We'll drink to those who are living
And hurrah for the next man to die!

HERE'S TO MAG

Here's to Mag, that filthy hag,
That sleezy, slimy slut.
Green fungus lies between her thighs
And worms crawl out her butt.

Before I'd scale those scabby legs
Or suck those pus-filled tits
I'd drink a cup of buzzard puke
And die the grizzly shits.

IRISH AIRMAN

"I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those I fight I do not hate
Those I guard I do not love...
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight
Nor public men - nor cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds
I balanced all, brought all to mind
The years to come seem waste of breath
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death."

A TOAST TO HER HONOR

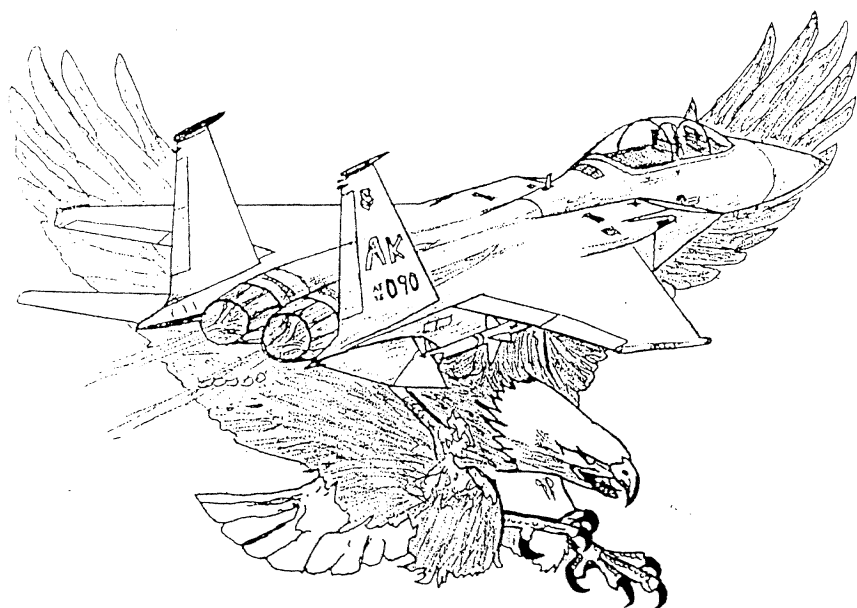
TOASTMASTER: "Let's have a toast to her honor."

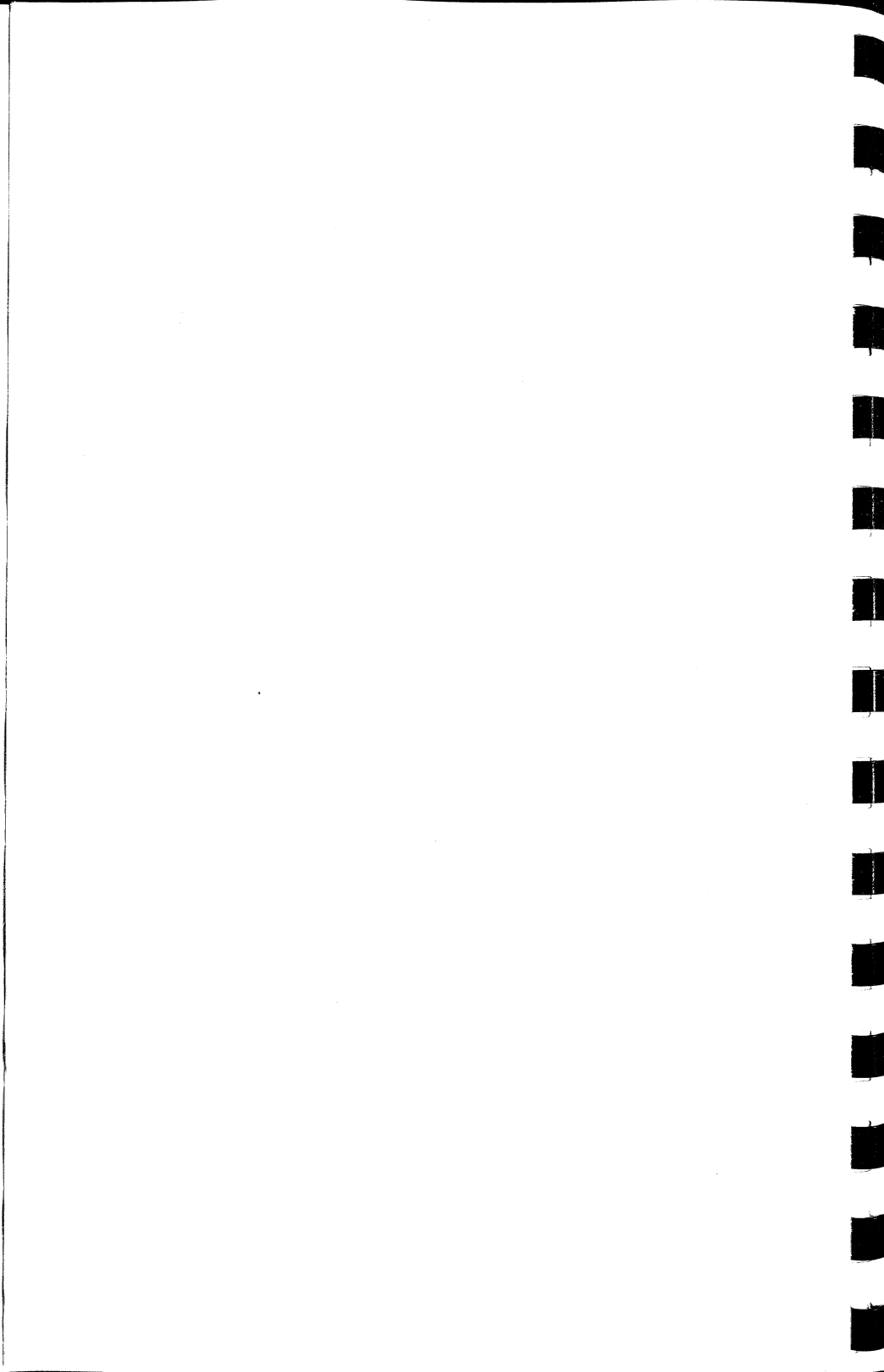
RESPONSE: "Get on her and stay on her."

LAST

BUT

NOT LEAST...





YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter pilot,
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH.

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states,
They're off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,
The place is full of brass, sitting 'round on their fat ass
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh, the auto-pilot on, he's reading novels in the john
Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are all in USO's wearing women's fancy clothes
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE

Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble
When you're flying the great F-15
I can't wait to strap on my Eagle
She's one helluva mean grey machine
To know her is to love her
By God - You know what I mean!
Oh Lord, It's hard to be humble
When you're flying the great F-15.

We're proud to be Hornets
We're the best and we just can't be beat
Just ask the boys who've fought us
They'll tell you we don't know defeat
To know us is to love us
We're one helluva bunch of good guys
Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble
When you know that you're rulin' the skies.

The MIGs they can't ignore us
And we hope they don't ever try
All we ask is a chance to meet them
We'll blow em' right out of the sky
Like we said, we try to be humble
And for those that don't see it that way
Thank God we're fightin' on your side
'Cause we mean every word that we say.

YANKEE AIR PIRATE

I am a Yankee air pirate, with DT's and blood-shot eyeballs,
My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,
For Sam breaks and bad bandit calls.

CHORUS: A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, and Yankee air pirate
Am I,
A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, if I don't get my
Hundred I'll die.

I've carried iron bombs on the outboards, flown fast cap for F-one'oh-
Thuds,
I've sniveled a counter or two once or twice,
And sweated my own ridh red blood.

I've been downtown to both bridges, to that nguyen, dep and phuc yen,
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,
There's no place up there I ain't been.

BENEATH A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

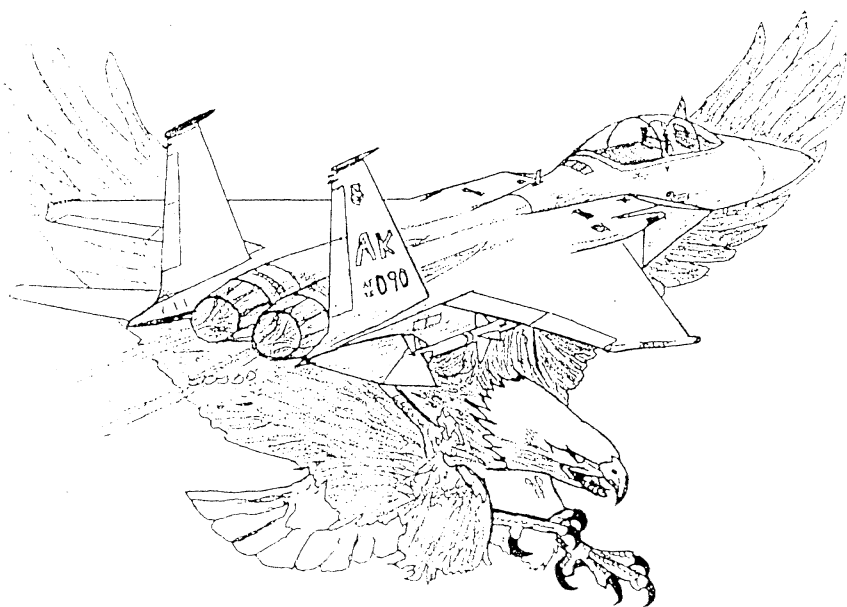
"We're going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
Play poker every night!
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, Oh! Death, where is thy sting!"

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling
For you but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye!

GAMES

ETC ...



CRUD

A game of skill consisting of two opposing teams made up of any equal number of players and a referee. The game is played on any standard size pool table with two balls, a cue ball and a target ball (8-ball). The target ball is initially set on a point halfway between the cushion and the normal spot at one end of the table. The server uses the cue ball to hit the target ball to start the game. The server is selected by a coin toss or some other means as selected by the referee. Subsequent servers become the player following the player who received the last life. The object of the game is to shoot the cue ball at the target ball while it is still in motion with your hand causing the target ball to go into a pocket and out of play thus giving a life to the preceding player or the following player depending on the referees ruling. The cue ball must be shot from a position where the shooters gonads/pussy is behind either end of the table. The server gets three shots at the target ball to hit it and put it in play. Any player receiving three lives is out of the game. Shooters are rotated in and out of the game by alternately going down each teams roster in order until all players are in the game and then play is rotated back to the top of the roster. ALL DECISIONS MADE BY THE REFEREE ARE FINAL.

How LIVES are scored: (One life for each infraction.)

1. Person shooting before/behind you sinks the target ball.
(Ref's decision)
2. Playing out of turn. (ie. touching the cue ball.)
3. Missing the target ball three times on the serve.
4. If the target ball rolls dead, a life is scored on the following shooter.
5. If shooter doesn't move the target ball at least 6" from point of impact with cue ball, the life is on him.
6. Shooter shoots the cue ball without having his balls behind the end of the table.
7. Running into the referee.
8. Unnecessary verbal abuse to referee. (Decision of the ref.)
9. Player causes any ball to leave the table.
10. Touching the object ball.
11. Shooting the cue ball at the target ball without at least one foot on the floor.

CRUD (CONT)

12. Any player interfering with the Immediate Play of the game without being involved in the Immediate Play receives a life. Allow three feet of playing room around the entire table. (Immediate Players - shooter, the person preceding him and the person following him.)
13. Dropping the cue ball directly on top of the target ball.
14. Unauthorized interference with the shooter. (Decision of the referee.)

BLOW PONG

A game of skill using a ping-pong ball, a flat table and several players. The object of the game is to blow the ball thru one of your opponents goals while at the same time trying to prevent your own goal from being violated by the other players. If the ball passes thru your hallowed goal you must chug your drink. The referee has strict control of the game and must be constantly alert to infraction of the established ROE will require the offender to chug his drink. These ROE are not required to be briefed prior to the start of the game but may be done so if the referee wishes.

1. If you touch the ball or have your chin over the table, DRINK.
2. The person losing the heat has the hammer. As soon as he puts his glass back on the table the referee will put the ball in play. Any players not ready will drink.
3. If you point to anything or anybody with anything but your bent elbow-DRINK.
4. If you lose the heat, you are responsible for the ball. If someone steps on or disables the ball you will both drink of the refs choice and then go get a new ball.
5. Delay of game-DRINK.
6. If the referee says so - DRINK.
7. On an elimination round if your goal is violated-DRINK and then leave the game. This will continue until only the Champion is left.

"DECEASED INSECT"

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY "DECEASED INSECT" ASK ANY FIGHTER PILOT

DOLLAR BILL GAME

A game of chance played with the serial number of a bill of any denomination to promote the consumption of alcoholic beverages. The holder of the hammer draws a bill from his wallet. He then asks the smackwad on his left or right to choose the first two or last two digits of the series. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to pick a number from 0 to 99. He will then state whether that number was high or low. This sequence is continued until some fool guess the number and buys all the players a drink of their choice. If play continues around to the hammer then he must choose the next closest number by one.

Combat Rules

Same as above with the following additions:

1. First two or last two are determined prior to drawing the bill out of his wallet.
2. The hammer gets one look at the bill and then places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low, one response for each guess. If he forgets the number-he buys.
4. If anyone has to ask whats high or low-he buys but play continues for another round of drinks.
5. The hammer may claim that any number is the point (LIE!)
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge the number. If the hammer is in error (CAUGHT LYING), the hammer buys. But, if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
7. Anyone who guesses outside of the high/low bracket buys, but play is continued for another round.

NORDO COMBAT RULES

1. Repsonse by visual signals IAW 60-15.
2. Hammer gives "thumbs up" for high, "thumbs down" for low.
3. Loser designated by hammer with index finger to nose (SHACK!).
4. Any noise/conversation buys a round.
5. Challenges are vocal.

4,5,6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot. Each player in turn can bet (cover) all or part of the pot. After the entire pot is covered, or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually with each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled. The following rules apply:

1. 4,5,6 roll is an automatic winner.
2. 1,2,3 roll is an automatic loser.
3. 6 point is an automatic winner.
4. 1 point is an automatic loser.
5. Trips is an automatic winner.
6. A tie is a push and no money is exchanged.

The following rules apply to the pot:

1. Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4,5,6.
2. The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left.

The following rules to the sequence of passing the hammer:

1. When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor.
2. If someone rolls a 4,5,6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round.
3. If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer.

TWENTY-ONE ACES

A game of chance played with five dice and a cup. The player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all 5 dice again until he doesn't roll any aces. He then passes the cup and dice to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all 5 dice in the same manner until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

MAJORCA 21 ACES

This game is played the same as above except the player who rolls the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player who rolls the 14th ace pays for the drink. The player who roll the 21st ace drinks!!

QUIJONGBU

DESCRIPTION: A game of chance played with five dice.

OBJECTIVE: TO WIN!!

PURPOSE: To promote drunkenness.

Basic Rules

1. Highest total score at the end of the game buys.
2. Three's count as zero (three's are FREE) and should be pulled.
3. Roll all five dice on the first roll.
4. On each roll one dice is turned over and the point now showing is the point for that roll.
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again, a dice is rolled over and the point showing is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat steps five and six until all five dice have become points.
8. Remember, three's are free and should be removed before rolling the point dice over. But, if your last dice is a three it still must be rolled over to a four because of rule #4.

Combat Rules

Violators of these rules buy drinks when Combat Rules are in effect.

1. Each player must preflight his ordinance before he rolls (ie. If he does not roll the correct number of dice he buys.)
2. Insulting the dice.
 - a. If the value of the dice you select as the point dice is already showing on another dice and you go ahead and turn over the dice instead of just pulling the other dice, you buy!
3. Stacking the dice.
4. Rolling the dice off the bar or table.
5. Asking what the point is.

FIGHTER PILOT'S BREVITY CODE

99. Hot screaming Shit!
100. Shit hot!
101. You've got to be shitting me!
102. Get off my fucking back!
103. Beats the shit out of me!
104. What the fuck, over!
105. It's so fucking bad, I can't believe it!
106. I hate this fucking place!
107. This place sucks.
108. Fuck you very much!
109. Beautiful, just fucking beautiful!
110. That damned O'Club!
111. Here comes another butter bar!
112. Here comes another full bird!
113. Fuck, Shit, Hate!
114. I just got fuckedagain!
115. Bend over, here it comes! Another good deal.
116. Big fucking deal!
117. Stick it in your ear!
118. Get bent!
119. Who gives a flying fuck!
120. You've got a lot of fucking balls!
121. Merry fucking Christmas!
122. Fuck it, just fuck it!
123. Nice ass! Nice chin, too!
124. Strickly an asshole!
125. You must have me confused withsomeone who gives a shit!
126. GD Shit Fuck!
127. Right on!
128. I've got an old rusty load!
129. I could just shit!
130. Roger that!
131. I can't help you -- I wasn't here then!
132. Rule one in effect tonight!
133. Oh yeah?
134. Prove it!
135. Those shitheads fucked up again!
136. Just blew it!
137. Will be right back, you lucky bastard!
138. The fucking maid woke me up!
139. The fucking maid didn't wake me up!
140. Your shit is weak!
141. You horny fucker!
142. Fuck the fucking fuckers!
143. Fuck You! A strong letter follows.
144. There's no damn mail again today!
145. Hope to shit in your mess kit!
146. I'm going to blow your shit away!
147. Stud horse piss wiht the foam farted off!
148. Fuck USAF, fuck AAC, fuck Alaska, fuck me!
149. Those fucking operators!
150. Everybody needs a fucking hobby!

BREVITY CODE (CONT)

- 151. Happiness is a warm pussy!
- 152. You eat shit, chase rabbits and bark at the moon!
- 153. Ball of fire!
- 154. Get your ass in gear!
- 155. Bring 'scrunchin' upon his body!
- 156. "Flap", fuck it and press!
- 157. And send a soft copy to MAC.
- 158. Can't use it in my business.
- 159. You shithead!
- 160. Fuck a red-ass duck!
- 161. Get laid!
- 162. Snake shit!
- 163. Don't rock the sampan.
- 164. Everything I touch turns to shit!
- 165. You just stepped on your dick!
- 166. Fuck it! Just fuck it!
- 167. All over my body!
- 168. Hang it in your fucking ear!
- 169. I love it so fucking much I could shit!
- 170. I love the fucking Air Force and the Air Force loves fucking me!
- 171. Shit house mouse!
- 172. Show us your tits!



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
43RD TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON (AAC)
ELMENDORF AIR FORCE BASE, ALASKA 99506

REPLY TO
ATTN OF: Squadron Apology Officer (SAO)

SUBJECT: Blanket Apology Letter

TO: 21TFW/CC
21TFW/DO

1. The members of the 43rd Tactical Fighter Squadron apologize for the following reasons:

- () Missed CBPO Records Review.
- () Missed Dental Appointment.
- () Missed Social Disease Clinic Appointment
- () Giving the SP's shit at Galena/King Salmon
- () Displaying Macho Prowess in the Closed Pattern.
- () Waking up the shoeclerks on Cherry Hill during night operations and Sortie Surges.
- () Being loud, obnoxious and yelling FUCK in the Officers Club.
- () Stealing the bell from _____ O'Club.
- () Pissing off the SP's for _____ again.
- () Not wearing a hat around base.
- () Getting drunk and rowdy at:
 - a. Campion
 - b. King Salmon
 - c. Galena
 - d. All of the above
- () Wanting time off to go fishing/hunting.
- () Offending shoeclerks and dependents with our Fighter Pilot Songs.
- () Making CAC Controllers do their jobs.
- () Extending social hours on TDY's.
- () Displaying a "No Give a Shit" attitude about GCI debriefs.
- () Not paying for our beer at the squadron snack bar.
- () Blanket Apology (To be marked only when apologizing for the squadrons actions in advance for the next 6 month period.)

SIGNED,

S.O. SORRY
43rd TFS, Apology Officer

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This book is a compilation of several songbooks and the corporate knowledge of many fighter pilots. Although credit for each song is not possible, we feel it is necessary to acknowledge as many contributors as we can.

Blue Fox Songbook: 18TFS, Elmendorf AFB, Alaska
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Aggressor Songbook: Alconbury AB, England
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River Rat Songbook: 355TFW, Takhli, Thailand
"Songs My Mother Never Taught Me": 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing, Korea
"Songs of the 357th Fighter Squadron": Korea
"It's Hard To Be Humble": Bill Hodgkins
"Short Song": Barf Thompson

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THE GREATEST HAPPINESS IS.....
...TO VANQUISH YOUR ENEMIES,
TO CHASE THEM BEFORE YOU,
TO ROB THEM OF THEIR WEALTH,
TO SEE THOSE DEAR TO THEM BATHED IN TEARS,
TO CLASP TO YOUR BOSOM THEIR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

-GENGHIS KHAN